COMMONPLACE. By Arthur M. Heathcote You say that my love is plain, But that I cannot allow.
When I look at the love for others Timt's written on her brow.
Sie hasn't a dashing eye.
She hasn't a well-cut nose,
But a smile for others' pleasures!
And a tear for others' wows.
And yet I will own she's plain—
Proje to be understood. Phin to be understood. For who can doubt that her nature is loving and fair and good?

Yeu say that you think her slow; but how can that be with one Who's the first to do a kindness Whenever it can be done; Quick to perceive a want, Quicker to put it right, Quickest in overlooking Injury, wrong and spite!

And yet she is slow indeed, Slow any praise to claim, Slow to see wrong in others.

"Nothing to say for herself,"
That is the fault you find.
List to her words to the children,
teetle and bright and kind.
List to her words to the sick,
Look at her prattent ways.
Every word she utters
Speaks in the speaker's praise.
"Nothing to say for herself!"
Yet right, most right you are
hut plenty to say for others,
And that is better by far.

You say she is "commonplace, But there you make a mistake, I would I could think she were so, For other maidens' sake. Purity, love and faith. Are they such common things! If hers were a common nature, Women, would all have wings. Beauty she may not have, Talent, nor wit nor grace. But until she's among the angels She will not be "commonplace,"

DEFEATED.

When Evelyn Markham alighted in the evening at the little station of A——, on the Highland Railway, she found that the snowstorm which had been raging all day had increased in violence; and the low, sullen, overcharged sky appeared to threater its continuance. She had a drive of six or sever unles before her ere she reached Glentoyle House, the residence of her friend Lady Nisbet, with whom the was going to spend a fortnight. She found a closed carriage drawn by a pair of handsome grays standing just outside the station; and she recognized Alistair Macalpine, Lady Nisbet's coachman, who was seated on the box with his habitual air of monumental dignity. A porter conveyed her luggage to the carriage, and she stood for a moment to exchange a few words with Alistair. After a friendly greeting and inquiries about Lady Nisbet's chalth, she asked what was the condition of the roads.

of the roads.

"It will be very bad, matam—oh, very bad indeed; and I'll no' be so sure that we'll win through. There is wreaths and wreaths here and there; but we'll chust trust in Providence. Now, matam, if you please, we'll be going as fast as ever we can.

The road was fairly clear in the neighborhood of the station, for the wind swept across it and kept the snow from accumulating to any considerable extent; but as they pursued their journey, the difficulty of progression became aggravated. It was also exceedingly cold, and Evelyn huddled herself into a corner of the vehicle, tucking her mantle more closely round her. The dusk deepened rapidly, and soon she could only see the white snow scurrying past. Once or twice they encountered wreaths which were only surmounted with difficulty and with much floundering and plunging of the horses, whose panting and snorting testified beitgreed. difficulty and with much floundering and plunging of the horses, whose panting and snorting testified their excitement and the violence of their excritions. Alistair's guttural exchamations and objurgations in Gaelic also were not reassuring, for he was usually a very undemonstrative driver, and rarely compromised his dignity by intemperate language. To be sure, he seemed perfectly sober when they started, thought Evelyn; but it was very cold, and who knows whether he had fortified himself with an occasional dram from some private receptacle? Then might he not in the darkness stray from the road, which was possibly almost obliterated by the snow, and precipitate

private receptacle? Then might be not in the darkness stray from the road, which was possibly almost obliterated by the snow, and precipitate her ever a bank or into a ravine? She sat and shivered, partly with cold and partly with apprehension. At times, when one side of the carriage was tilted up at an angle perilously near 45 degrees, Evelyn had to brace her feet against the opposite seat, expecting every moment to find the vehicle capsized. When, as she judged, about half the journey had been accomplished, she perceived that the road began to descend, and the added gloom appeared to indicate that there were high banks or rocks on either side. She perced out, but could discern nothing in the impenetrable mass of gloom. All at once the carriage stopped abruptly, and Alistair's voice could be heard raised in seemingly anxious and angry ejaculations. Evelyn pulled down the sash behind the driver's seat, and asked what was the matter.

"It will be a snow wreath—stand still, ye swine—and the beasts is up to their girths, and a trace is broke." "It will be a snow wreath-stand still, ye swine and the beasts is up to their girths, and a trace

Oh, what shall we do, Alistair?" cried Evelyn, in a quavering voice.

"There's a bit hoosie here, by the side of the

in a quavering voice.

"There's a bit hoosie here, by the side of the road—a queer body lives in't, no' that wise. I'm thinking; and if the beasts would stand still. I would get down and see if he would help us. Hi, there! Mr. Casanove."

Just then a light appeared flickering about, and Fvelyn heard a man's voice in refined accents exchanging some remarks with the driver. She looked out and saw a tall man with a stable lantern in his hand, standing by the side of the road; but the carriage-lamps seemed only to make the darkness visible, and she could not distinguish his features. Finally, he came crunching through the snow to the door of the carriage.

"Young lady, further progress is impossible," he said. "There is a deep wreath in front of the zottage, and it appears that one of the traces is broken. I think your driver should unyoke the horses, get on the back of one of them, and try to reach Lady Nisbet's. If she has a sledge, it is just conceivable that it might reach you here; but in the mean time I would beg of you to accept my hospitality, such as it is."

"I suppose there is no alternative," remarked Evelyn ruefully.
"Your whatever, madam, I am sorry to say."

"I suppose there is no alternative," remarked Evelyn ruefully.
"None whatever, madam, I am sorry to say."
So saying, he opened the door of the carriage. She rose from her seat, and he lowered the step, on which she stood for a moment, surveying with a bewildered look the wreath in which he stood

a bewildered look the whole when to the knees. he said, coolly, and before she could realize the situation, she felt herself lifted bodily by a pair of powerful arms, and carried to the door of the cottage, where she was gently deposited. Though at heart vexed and irritated by the unceremonious though friendly act, she suppressed her annoyance, and thanked him with only

Alistair grunted something in Gaelic, presuma-Alistair grunted something in Gaelic, presumably of an uncomplimentary cheracter, for the stranger replied sternly in the same language, whereupon Alistair muttered a deprecatory reply in a comically discomfited tone, and rode off without further parley. The stranger now returned to his cottage door, and invited Evelyn to enter with an air of deferential courtesy. A huge Newfoundland dog rose from the fireside as she stepped into the cottage, and advanced to meet her with dignified scrutiny.

fied scrutiny.
"What a magnificent dog!" she exclaimed, pat-

"What a magnificent dog!" she exclaimed, patting its noble head.

The stately animal slowly waved its tail once or twice in token of amity, and then returned to its resting-place.

"Caesar evidently approves of you," remarked the stranger with a smile; "but Caesar, Caesar, you forget the door!"

Whereupon the Newfoundland rose again with a curiously abashed and conecious look, and, advancing to the door, slammed it to with its powerful paws, to Evelyn's amusement.

The apartment which she entered was tolerably roomy, and seemed to be a kind of compromise between kitchen and sitting-room. The floor was hard and firm and composed of some expensive substance, while one or two rugs and decrskins supplied the place of a carnet, and gave to the apartment a comfortable look. A dresser stood opposite the fireplace; and a framework of plain wooden shelves filled with books occupied a corner. A deal table was placed in the middle of the floor, and the stranger had evidently been writing, for a brase-mounted mahogany desk was lying open upon it. The roof was low, and, like the walls, was whitewashed. A couple of chairs, one of them an armehair, flanked the fireplace, in which a peat fire was smouldering, with the pungent odor of which the atmosphere was impregnated. A cavalry subre was suspended over the bookcase, on the top of which lay a flute and a bundle of music.

The stranger drew the armchair nearer to the fire and invited Evelyn to seat herself, which she did after divesting herself of her heavy, fur-lines mantle.

"Had you not better remove your hat?" he sug-

mantle.

"Had you not better remove your hat?" he suggested. "You will feel more comfortable."

She silently acquiesced, though she inwardly resented somewhat his aggressive hospitality, as she somewhat he has he has always and almost net-

He shrugged his shoulders as a Frenchman might,

He shrugged his shoulders as a Frenchman might, and then remarked:

"I am one of her tenants; and when she knows that you are here, she will have no further anxiety. But what about food? I am but ill provided for a lady's visit. Perhaps, however, you won't object to a little porridge and milk?"

"Nothing could be better," said Evelyn, who was dying for a cup of tea.

"But I bethink me," he added, thoughtfully, "you laddes like tea. I wonder if there is any tea in the house. Permit me to explain that I don't take tea."

take tea."
"Nor coffee?"

"Nor conce."
"Nor

cise."
"Then you don't take alcoholic beverages, I presume?"
"No; though not to take whiskey in the High-

"No; though not to take whiskey in the Highlands is to be a kind of tree frog or flying-fish."

"I venture to assume also that you don't smoke,"

"I see you have an inductive turn of mind, Miss Markham. Well, you are right. I don't."

"Nor smuff. Nor chew."

She laughed merrily.

"But why don't you believe in nerve stimulants? Why, the juice of butcher-meat is one; and doctors say persons in a certain state might git drunk on a beefsteak."

"I don't take butcher-meat."

And he smiled at her look of discomfiture.

"Nor fowls?"

"Nor fowls?"

"Nor fowls, nor game. Though I confess to a little aberration or inconsistency here, for I cat eggs. That involves a point of gastronomic casaistry."

"You are, in fact, a vegetarian?"

"You are, in fact, a vegetarian?"

"Well, yes; if you wish to label me."

"And is Caesar a vegetarian too?"

"Caesar does his best to unitate his master, but has lanses from virtue. You like a bone, don't you, Caesar?"

The Newfoundland taised his head, and the corners of his large black chaps began to miver with such evident imaginary enjoyment that Evelyn could not help laughing. After a said or two and a hollow moan, he laid down his head again upon the rug, and blinked solemnly, perhaps represenfully, at his master.

Meanwhite Casanove had risen and proceeded to

the rug, and blinked solemnly, perhaps represelted this master.

Meanwhile Casanove had risen and proceeded to make the porridge. Evelyn wateled his operations amusement, but with a grave and attentive face. While he was thus engaged, chatting the while about the storm, Evelyn heard the sound of footsteps: presently a side door opened, and an elderly woman entered the apartment. She had a pleasing, homely countenance, and despite the prominence of her checkbones, must have been a very comely person when she was young. On seeing Evelyn she smiled and curtseyed. Casanove alderessed to her a few words in Gaelic; and she nodded energetically, and, having disappeared for a few minutes, returned with a glazed earthenware teapot of a deep and matured color, which had evidently often stood by the fire in a brown study. She then proceeded to infuse tea.

"Flora likes both tea and toddy," remarked Casanove, smiling; and Flora gave a low laugh, and again nodded emphatically. "Every doctrinaire, Miss Markham, he continued, as he slowly stirred the porridge, which was now beginning to throb and sputter lazilly," is upt to be a benevolent tyrant; and I have to guard against that. And, therefore, as freedom is better even than temperance. I like to see Flora taking her tea. It is hard. The proceeded to guard against that. And, therefore, as freedom is better even than temperance. I like to see Flora taking her tea. It is hard. The proceeded to guard against that. And, therefore, as freedom is better even than temperance. I like to see Flora taking her tea. It is hard.

yrant; and I have to guero against that. An therefore, as freedom is better even than tempence, I like to see Flora taking her tea. It is he pur si muove, her protest against my infallibilit I conceive that society has most to fear from the twin forces of the Radicals and the Fadicals; footh of these classes are tyrants. But perhaps year noth of these classes are tyrants. But perhaps your a Radical, Miss Markham; many ladies are such nowadays, I believe."
"Well, I don't much believe in government by

"Well, I don't much believe in government by means of Policeman X."

"And you would have questions in Parliament every time Colin Clout gets a blow from a baton— tant de bruit pour une pomme de terre."

"Well, Colin Clout's cranium is of great import-

Let Colin keep his invaluable brains out of the

"Let Colin keep his invaluable brains out of the range of batons; he knows very well where they flourish and are flourished. But I beg your pardon for talking polities. And it is not usual with me; for, though a vegetarian, I observe the Pythagorean maxim to abslain from beans—that is, from voting and all the rest of it."

Meanwhile Flora had by this time set the table for the evening meal. Evelyn got her cup of teavery good it was—and took a little porridge and milk, in honor of her host. Flora had scated herself on a stool and proceeded to knit industriously. "I grant you," said Casanove, balancing his spoon meditatively on his foreflinger, "that this is not a concise kind of feeding. It is, so to speak, voluminous. But why should we be in a hurry? Nature isn't. And what a comfort to reflect that if you only give this preparation time, it is sure to be digested. With more artificial dishes, there is always a dread Perhaps that they won't be assimilated, as they call it, though I confess I don't see how a lobster salad or a pate de foie gras can appeal to me. My system refuses to recognize them."

"Well, your food will do I suppose well enough for a student and a recluse," said Evelyn, "but I fear it would be insufficient for a man who undergoes severe physical exertion."

"Pardon me, I roam about these hills all day long on the strength of bread and cheese and milk," She was silent for a few moments, and then said bluntly—

"Well you pardon me, if I ask what you really

or "I am a kind of practical mineralogist," he replied, with a smile. "I wander over all this region in search of the various kinds of rock that are found here, and I sell the specimens to the people who make up geological collections and museums. It is rather an interesting occupation, for I make microscopical sections, test with the blowpipe and with chemical reactions, and so forth. The remuneration is far from princely, but it helps, and then I have my little croft, and grow potatoes and other vegetables. In a word, I live comfortably—that is, I have all I want. I used to fish in a loch hard by, but I have given that up; the game is not worth the candle, for fish is not nourishing in proportion to its bulk; and why should I disturb the trout? I don't wish to annoy even my humblest neighbors. I don't think man will ever shake off bis primeval barbarism till he sits down to a 'guiltless feast.'"

"But I always understood these things were to me."
"I am a kind of practical mineralogist," he re-

down to a "guittless teast."

"But I always understood these things were created for the good of man."

"People say so; but remember that the animals have never been consulted on the question. And observe that our finer feelings are at variance with our practice. Conceive the absurdity of this; the poet in a lyric mood goes forth on a fair May morn and sits him down, and makes a dainty little canzonet about the lambkins frisking on the mead: then he goes home and dines on roast lamb and mint sauce. I wonder he is not ashamed to look

mint sauce. I wonder he is not ashamed to look the poor creatures in the face. Would you eat a fowl if you had to wring its neck?"
"I suppose not."
"Well, but if you est it, you are particeps criminis."
"But a case might arise when you must either kill or be killed. What if you met a tiger in the

kill or be killed. What if you met a tiger in the jungle?"

"I might be attacked by a robber, and have to kill or disable him to preserve my own life. It does not follow that I am to run amuck among my fellow-creatures."

"Well, but why should you kill dangerous animals any more than domesticated ones? Nature made them so. After all, a tiger 'burning bright in the forest of the night,' is as much entitled to respect as a lamb."

"It is a hard question; but I will give you my answer in the form of an apologue, as the divine Plato used to do." He paused, and a whimsical but pleasant smile lit up his features. "Once upon a time Cybele, the ancient mother, was roaming through the woods of Thrace drawn in a chariot by her two tigers, for she loved her fierce children and the sombre woods, the home of siaughter and swift death, and she drank most gladly of the

tishly pulled off her gloves, and beld out her hands toward the fire; and where he stood he could see the sullen glow cleaming through the pink flesh on each side of her outspread fingers. Beautit hands they gener; and the rings she as dimmered prettily in the fall of the story head; and the hand they gener; and the rings she hand her interest hands they gener; and the rings she hand her interest hands they gener; and the rings she hand her interest hands they gener; and the rings she hand her interest her heat, contemplating her for a brief instant, thought that a very charming gene picture migrat be made of such materials and such a scene. She for her heteroelite character of the furniture and domestic arrangements, with their blending of the common and the refined, puzzled her greatly, and general thand of the content of the flow of the flow of the flow of the content o

hand.

"I must see if the storm abutes," he said, and going to the door opened it. The wind charged with snow came whirling in. In this somewhat sheltered situation the rear of the storm was subdued, but the blast could be heard trumpeting amid the distant hills.

"Your conveyance, Miss Markham, is quite buried in the snow," he said. "You need not book for deliverance to-night."

"Well, well, "she replied, "a la guerre comme a la guerre. And I shall be very comfortable in this armehair."

armeliair."
"Oh, but you shall have Flora's room. It will be a pleasure for her to do this slight service, for she has all a Highland woman's respect for gentle-folks."

folks."

"Pray don't inconvenience her or yourself. I—could doze quite comfortably in this chair. I am not fastidious."

She took out a tiny watch and looked at it.

"Oh, it is not very late yet," she said cheerfully. "Only half-past eight."

"Would you like a book? I have a fair supply as you see, but in fiction only the divine Walter and 'Les Miscrables,' the prose epic of this century." I would rather listen to you, Mr. Casanove.

century."

"I would rather listen to you, Mr. Casanove."
she replied, smiling.

"Ah, I would bore you. All heretics are bores.
That is why they have so often been put to death.
I am, as you have perceived, a rank heretic, only.
I don't want to convert any one.

"You would easily convert me to greater simplicity of life. Indeed, women are seldom fastidious about their food, and are very glad when the gentlemen dine out."

"It is a singular reflection that cooking is the main occupation of most hous-holls, he remarked.

"No sooner has the lady of the house got up than the shades of her prison-house begin to gather round her. The freshness and hopefulness and inspiration of the morning are expunged by the thought—What is to be for dinner to-day? Say, shall it be beef or matton, and how transmuted, garnished, bedevilled? Perces de resistance in deed! Let us steadfa-tly resist them, Mos Markham. I protest woman gets cooked and very much overdone in this broiling atmosphere. And then when she has been simmeted away into a gelatinous state, her husband finds that she is not intellectual enough for him. Rest assared no heavenly irradiation can penetrate this greasy steam.

Evelyn laughed gavly, and then risher she walked across the apartment to the bookease with a semplicity and, as it were, domestic ease that inwardly charmed Casanove.

"You permit me," she said, as she ran her eyes

Given a certain degree of friendship-an

nent."

"You have been in the army," she remarked, glancing at the sabre over the bookcase.

"Yes, in the French army. I served as a voluntier under General Fridherbe during the Franco-Prussian war."

"What' you lought for democratic France? The country of plehiseites, of universal suffrage, tempered by revolution and directed by political boules vardism?"

country of pichiscites, of hillycrish satings, and pered by revolution and directed by political boulevardism?"

"Well, I am a descendant of a iduquenot family, for one thing. And I don't like the latter-day Goths, the scientific Orsons of modern Europe."

"And you killed a few Orsons, I suppose."

"Oh, we were beaten, but we did our best, Miss Markham. I give you warning that I am not a benevolent being. Benevolence is often a kind of lazy purring in the san. I wish people well—out of the world, if need be. Fair play first and philanthropy afterward! No. I don't regret my campaigning. I have seen noble deaths and soutsatisfying extinctions."

"I wonder how long it would take to understand you, Mr. Casanove," remarked Evelyn with a smile. "Perhaps we wish too much to understand each other. Perhaps we should go on revealing ourselves to the very end, and leave the world with unguessed potentialities. Cariestiy is not necessarily love of knowledge. I feel as if the globe word discovered. Well, now, domant domaint, pray tell me something about youself."

"Oh, I have been a mere lichen growing on a wall. But it has been a pleasant wall; for the house where I was born is very eld, very quaint, and very beautiful. Taen my ancestors have left a bit of their character in it, and so modified my

house where I was born is very one, every and very beautiful. Then my ancestors have left a bit of their character in it, and so modified my character and tastes. One was a missician, and so he constructed an organ-chamber; another was a Nijarod, and the spoils of the chase adorn many a

Nigroul, and the spoils of the ciuse adorn many a corner; another was a book-lover, and compassed sea and land to make a proselyte of a first edition, and so we have a library which contains many rarities; another collected paintings and engravings, and so forth. Oh, yes, lear old Daventry Hall has been my Academe, my college, my shrine and sanctuary.

She leaned back in the chair and meditatively classed her hands belond her head, manifestly quity unconscious of the graceful and charming attitude.

"I perceive," said Austin, after a while, "that you have made a fetich of your family abode. I duite understand your feelings; but you should, I think, resist them. We should sit lossely to our surroundings. We are pilgrims, and should have as little serip and scrippage as possible. To be too much attached to any person is bad; to be anchored to a house is worse. We should grow on the surface, and not have to be pulled up shricking like noandrakes."

the surface, and not have to be pulled up shricking like neardrakes."

"How long have you been here, Mr. Casanove?"

"Two years: and I think it is nearly time to change my horizon. I detect a sameness in my thoughts and feelings which is ominous. As for family associations, they are very pleasant and interesting, but we have got to live our own life, and our own experiences are more valuable to us than all these mouldy records. Let us get rid of lumber, inherited lumber particularly. Why should a thing be respectable because it is old? unless it be old because it is respectable. Happy is the man who has no grandfather, because he does not feel bound to pay him deference. But if your grandfather was a Quaker or a Papist, or an indurated Tory or a vaporous Radical, you are apt to have a leaning that way. It is hard enough to get the grandfather out of our blood without binding him upon our back. Don't let us cast our nativity grandlather out of our blood without binding him upon our back. Don't let us cast our nativity backward. Orion shines for me as it did for Meno or Ptolemy. Why bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades? Life was meant to be for you and me a perpetual discovery."

"Well, for a groping and tottering child like me it is pleasant to have my shadowy apparatus.

"Well, for a groping and tottering child like me it is pleasant to have my shadowy ancestors leading me by the hand. Apropos of music, I see you play on the flute. Will you not play a little?"

"With pleasure, though I am but an in different player. Still, I love the flute. It is a business-like instrument, without arriers pensee, while your violin is a mosely enfant du siecle, an impossioned pessimist, if the paradox is not too glaring, even in its gayest humor full of overtones of sadness. The flute, on the other hand, is as brisk and chearful as a morning breeze, or if plaintive, never morbid; it is sweet without being luscious, lively without hysterics, an instrument for alert pelestrians, not for lous-caters. It has even an air of grotesqueness and latent humor which is diverting. The very triviality of screwing it together and blowing through it excludes artifice and aflectation, whereas the tuning of a violin is a serious, indeed almost a solema act."

xercise."
"How very kind and thoughtful of you!" she

said, gratefully.

"My motives are mixed," he replied; "I need a good deal of exercise in the open air. And now for breakfast."

a good deal of exercise in the open air. And now for breakfast."

The three people took their places at the table. Flora closed her eyes and folded her hands, and seemed to be repeating inwardly a grace, which Casanove respected by his attitude of silent gravity. The meal dispatched, Evelyn proposed to go out, and she hastily put on some wraps. Issuing lefer of the snow which had enveloped it. The air was still keen though no longer harsh, and the wind had fullen dead. Side by sile with Casanove she pared to and fro the track which he had cleared in the snow.

They chatted together like old friends, and Evelyn was probably more expansive than her com-

leared in the snow.

They chatted together like old friends, and Everyn was probably more expansive than her commonion: for his manner was consistently shaded with an air of respectful aloofness and reserve, which indicated how he interpreted his duties as a lost brought into unconventional relations with a lost brought into unconventional relations with a lost present. It was astonishing how much they are provided upon at times seemed to interest him, the conclusion of the lines with a long to the lost of the learning and all times seemed to interest him.

You indicated last night that you did not in-

father is highly califyined as a man of letters; he held a diplomatic post at one time; and you would find his conversation very agreeable. Both, indeed would be gamers, and I would sit in a corner and follow the strange evolutions of a talk between an accomplished man of the world and an idealist."

"I, too, was once a man of the world," he re-joined, gravely. "Perhaps I am but a indiceon-verted isermit after all. Let, us, however, he sat-isfied with the short and pleusant meetin, which the gods have consuited to grant us, and which am not likely soon to fornet, for such planet; sel-dom swim into my ken. I shall think most of you when you have become a myth to me. Take com-fort, if you need it; you shall be planted like B re-mice in the heavens, and I shall see your trass-pose and then when my sky is elequ."

Still the probability exists that we shall not next again. Ere long I go to Brittany. I am studying the teltic tongues. You see I am originally a Celt myself."

Pardon me, Miss Markham, but I happen to be off-cloudy rich. My only instification, indeed, or possessing so much wealth is my ability to be atheur it. But you were going to tell me some-

maint smile.
"What did Berenice know of love?" she re

"What did Bereniee know of love?" she replied, impetuensly.

Ife was silent for a while,
"I think she should have married him," he said, seriously. "A betrothal is a sacred thing. No happiness was ever built upon a broken vow. And if duty brings pain, it is an exquisite pain, not to be bartered for humaness. I have felt, for example, a wild delight as I rouned over the hills in stormy weather with a shrivelled and tingling ckin, but a warm and bounding heart, and thoughts as merry as morris-dancers in my brain. We have no right to greeve for anything save our own misdoing Neverweep for anything save a lost ideal."

"How selish and individual that is: "she exclaimed, almost bitterly. "I am not so detached, and hope I may never be so."

"It is our only refuge," he replied, almost sadly. "And after all we are only anti-pating the effect of time. A few months console us for death and disappointment. And nature is incessantly preaching peace and consfort.

kindness. Think of me now and then when you are in Brittany."

He smited, lowed, and stood looking after the sledge till it disappeared at a turn of the road. II.

eummer Colonel Markham proposed a tour on the Centinent. Evelyn, he said, was looking pale, she studied too much, ate too little, showed an aversion to innocent claret that was singularly ominous, and exidently needed a change of air and scene. Even the music she played was sombre. Brethoven was no doubt classical, but there was too much weltschmer about him. For his part, he was tired of those solemn strains in dreadfully flatted keys, that made one think of one's early follies and unpaid bills, and the heart-breaking disasters of Liberal Governments. So reasoned the Colonel with a whimsical smile, but with looks of tender anxiety. For he had become more than ever attached to his daughter now that he realized what her absence meant. Besides, the state of her health, her persistent sadness, which she evidently tried to throw off so as not to disquiet and distress him, her frequent fits of self-absorption, her increased devotion to her religious duties, which seemed to him a gloomy presage—all had the effect of rousing him from the unconsciously selfish acceptance of her filial attentions which had characterized him in the past. Once when he gently asked her as to the cause of her sadness, she said: "I have not been true to my higher self; I should not have married my cousin; and yet, I am ashamed and disappointed that the mistake has not proved irreparable."

This was a psychological paradox that was absolutely uniatelligible to the clear-headed man of

been true to my and yet, I am ashamed and disappointed that the mistake has not proved irreparable."

This was a psychological paradox that was absolutely unintelligible to the clear-headed man of the world; and he inquired no further.

They went to Brittany by Evelyn's desire, and travelled leisurely from place to place, enjoying in a sober way the austere benaty of that corner of France, and pleased with the simple, sincere and antique manners of the people, who have never yet lest their alien look and speech, and who are stamped with that air of vague melancholy which accompanies a suppressed and isolated nationality.

Reaching the little village of Polrac on the northern coast, they were so much attracted by its quaint and old-world beauty that they resolved to stay a short while there, and they obtained confortable quarters at the Cerf d'Or, the only auberge that it possessed. On Sunday they went to the little church, where their presence excited no small interest and curiosity. The care was an elderly man with snowy hair and pale, emaciated features, lit up by a pair of soft blue eyes limpid and innocent as a child's. In the evening he called at the aubergiste's wife. It evidently never occurred to her that any formal preliminaries were requisite. The Cure had his entree everywhere, quoi! He was cordially received, and in the ceurse of conversation offered his services in showing the strangers the curiosities of the place and neighborhood. He had apparently a wide knowledge of antiquities, and spoke with much eyes about domens and crombechs, of which there were several interesting specimens within easy distance. The result was that they made several excursions together, and were soon thoroughly good triends. He possessed that naivete of the heart, that perfect simplicity and unconscious dignity that lent a rare charm to his companionship. He knew the entire lore of the district; his uncle, indeed, had been care of the parish before him, and had witnessed many of the horrors and shared in the dangers of th

"You indicated last night that you did not in"You indicated last night that you did not in"You indicated last night that you did not in"You indicated last night that you did not intend to remain much longer here. If you come as
far south as Londen, my father and I shall be very
leased to see you. Daventry Hall is quite near
toilifford."

"I am extremely obliged; but it is not likely
"I am extremely obliged; but it is not likely
that we shall meet again." he replied calmly, but
that we shall meet again. "he replied calmly, but
that we shall meet again." he replied calmly, but
to excuse him.

to excuse him.

"The fact is, a dear friend of mine is extremely ill-dying, I fear, of typhoid fever. He is an Englishman, though he fought for France in our period of disaster. He is not indeed a Catholic," he added with a sigh, "but I fervently believe, notwithstanding, that he is in bona fide. I wish all Catholics were like my dear heighte-kind, compassionate, charitable, simple and pure in his life—"

A tear twinkled in his eye, and he took a pinch of snuff with an agitated look and manner.

"Indeed, he has lived too ascetically," he resumed after a paise. "One would have thought

"Indeed, he has lived too ascetically," he resumed, after a pause. "One would have thought that he wished to mortify the flesh, as if he had much to mortify" be a hed, with a maint smile. "Once when I wished him to share with me an excellent capon which my good Brighte had prepared with special success, he said. Mon here, I do not owe a cock to Acsonlapius. However, he did take a little, only he said it was fortunate I could grant him absolution."

Evelyn had grown extremely pale during this guideless talk, her features had become tense, while there was an excited sparkle in her eyes. "He has been a delightful companion," the cure went on, sailly. When I think of him I am reminded of that fine saying of Goethe's

in a low voice.

"He speaks despondently, says that my friend has lived too much like an anchorite, even declares that he got the typhoid lever through druking water or milk instead of honest wine. Dr. Brissot is a good fellow, but a farceur at these

I know Berenice was be-certain for think I know the gentleman," said Evelyn, inskily. "Is not his name Austin Casanaye." That is indeed his name," replied the Cure, with an astonished look.

He was too well-bred to ask questions, but his look was significant enough. He relapsed into a fit of profound abstractior. Suddenly a gleam of intuition flashed across his face.

"Tiens." I understand, Von must be the company of whom he saide to me one day."

ady, madam, of whom he spake to me one day."

Did he speak about me "exclaimed Evelyn, blushing keenly.

"He seemed, if I am not indiscreet, to have

"He seemed, if I am not indiscreet, to have
the lady whom he once entertained in his cuttage, when you were overtaken by a snowstorm."

"Yes, I am the same person."

"My daughter was much impressed by him,"
remarked Colonel Markham. "And all I have
heard of him is greatly to his credit. Well, let
us hope for the best. He has led a very sober,
well-regulated life, and that is favorable to ultimate recovery." "G d grant it; but he is very weak. How-ever, he is no lo-zer delitious. Now, perhaps you will permit me to retire. I must visit my rationt."

rationt."
"If you will allow me. Monsieur le Cure, I shall accompany you," said Evelyn, quietly, but

firmly.
"My dear child?" exclaimed Colonel Markham. "the thing is absurd. Think of the infection—"
"I don't think typhoid fever is recognized as
infections. I must see him once more," she added,

pleadingly.

Her father shrugged his shoulders with a resigned air. He knew that when the tiny vertical farrow appeared on her forehead, expostulation as useless. When they had left the auberge the Cure

said:
"Pardon me, madam, but I understood my friend to say that you had married monsieur your cousin."
"Yes, I did, but he perished in the Ezyptian war. We wished him to leave the army, but he refuse!. He said he wished to be of some use before he left the world, for he had a present-

he refused. He said he wished to be of some use before he left the world, for he had a presentiment that he would never return."

Then they proceeded in silence along the village street till they reached at its buthest extremity a little cottage with small arched by windows, and standing back from a small garden filled with flowers, which now exhibited the disarray of the declining year. The wesfering sun shone on the windows and illumined them with a reseate flush. On the right a sombre moor, covered with heath and dry and stunted furze, stretched onward to the rugged cliffs that overlooked the sea. A soft evening breeze, impregnated with saline flavors and the oder of seaweed, brought with it the deep murmur of the occan. Far to the left the dreary lande, out of which emerged mossy bowlders and absular masses of granite, extended bleak and barre till it reached a low line of hills, crested here and there with dark clumps of firs.

The door of the cottage was opened by an elderly woman, apparently the forme in menage, clad in the mediaeval costume of Breton paysonnes, and wearing on her head a monumental coiffe. Her features were harsh and rugged, but the eyes were soft, and bore traces of weeping she greeted the Cure and his companion in low tones, and with the accent of one to whom French is a foreign tongue. Then, "effacing herself," she allowed the two to enter the cottage. The Cure led the way into his friend's bedroom. It was paved with brick and very plainly farnished. The terracame to Evelyn's eves when she recognized the cavalry sabre hanging above the empty fireplace. Casanove was lying on a low curtained bed, perfectly inert, and aposrently in a state of coma. His face was strangely attenuated, and the long sinewy arm resting on the coverlet

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centuries too soon; we have not yet learned of Thee. But all those who have denied themselves and abjured the world are Thy humble brethren. Que Ta grandeur soit miscricordieuse pour ma petitesse."

Que Ta grandeur soit misericordieuse pour mapetitesse."

"Amen!" suid the Cure, and made a sign of tageross upon Casanove's forchead.

Evelyn rose from her seat, and bending over the bed gently grasped Casanove's hand, and pressed it to rer lips, while the tears streamed silently down her pallid cheeks.

The effect was electrical. A smile of intense incredulous joy illumined his features.

"Are you really Evelyn Markham?" he whispered, with a smile. "En char et en os? You are not the reflection of my dream?"

She pressed his hand, and bending over him whispered in his ear:

"Do not die and leave me, Austin. I have loved you ever since I first saw you."

"Hold me, Evelyn." he said, hoarsely: "I seem to be falling into abyeses; keep me back!" oh, keep me back!"

Then the surging blackness of the limbo of life and death swelled up and engulfed him. He sank back, and lay inanimate, while Evelyn, sick with dread, sat trembling in every limb, but still retaining a grass of his hand. When she had sufficiently recovered her self-possession, she intimated to the Cure her intention of watching by the bedside, and desired him to inform her father of this intention.

It was a dreary visil, interrapted only by the occasional entrance of the Ereton femme dumentare, and by a visit of Dr. Brissot, a stout

It was a dreary vigil, interrupted only by the occasional entrance of the Breton femme dumenage, and by a visit of Dr. Brissot, a stout thick set man with a massive leanine head, who evidently had some difficulty in controlling his quick petulant movements. He fixed his keen and plereing eyes on Evelyn with such an imperiously inquiring look that Evelyn was constrained to say, "An old friend, monsiem."

He nedded brusquelly, and processed to examine his patient with a delt and delicate touch. He then gave Evelyn instructions as to the requisite treatment, assuming in his rapid intuitive way that she purposed to nurse the availed during the night.

"He is no worse," he remarked, "indeed rather

while there was an excited sparkle in her eyes. The has been a delightful companion, the cure went on, sadly. When I think of him I am reminded of that fine saying of Goethe's which he once quoted to me: The golden age is infleed past, but good mear bring it back. Oh, a good man. And with so gay a humor at times. And to see him now!"

"What does the doctor say?" asked Evelyn, in a low voice.

"He spacks despondently, says that my friend has lived too much like an anchorite, even delight of the room, if such a good nach like an anchorite, even delight of the room, if such a market of the room, if such a good nach like an anchorite, even delight of the room, if such a market of the room is not such a market of the room in the room of the room

And he bustled noiselessly out of the room, if such a paradox may be permitted.

Casaneve woke up again after a couple of hours' profound stupor. He lookel varuely about him for a time, till he realized Evelyn's presence, and then his look brightened.

"My head, ma cherbe" Evelyn's heart thrilled at the endearing tone, "my head is as full of noises us a decaying house. Did a door slam just now?"

now?"

"No, dear Austin, the stillness has been awful."

"Then let as suppose it was the gates of Hades closing. You have kept me back. Ah: it is a reversal of the old myth. Earlylice has gone down to the nether would to bring back Orpheus.

your garment."
He showed a febrile eagerness to speak, but
Evelyn nhieed her lingers on his mouth. He
kissed them and fell asleep again.

kissed them and fell asleep again.

Casanove recovered, but his convalescence was slow and protracted. His ascetic habits had unquestionably reduced his physical powers; and even yet he was inclined to rehel against the generous list provided for him. But Evelyn was implacable. He too got to know what the furnow in her fair forehead meant. The consciousness of her unlimited sway over his heart made her at times a little wilful and sportive—a charming trait in one who had been habitually grave.

"And what shall I do with my money, Evelyn?" he asked one day.

"Have no anxiety on that score," she rejoined, with a demure smile, "I shall help you spend it."

In a word, though he remained much of the idealist he had been for so many years, he abandoned that Levitical scrupulosity in meat and drink which Evelyn maintained to be only a kind of sublimated solf-conceit—for in a married mat that is how originality is apt to be designated. He had, however, his compensations; his wife provided him with new ideals.—G. Dunn in Blackwood.

MEDICAL ETIQUETTE ILLUSTRATED.

mended him with new picass—to, John Medical Him with new picass—to, John Medical Hall England Advertiser.

Within the present week in this city occurred an incident that is typical of the extreme to which professional citiquetic may be carried. A patient by ill of a raging fever, whose precress, apparently, had not been prevented or nititigated by the motion of the patient and was even distasteful to the latter, but had been called in merely because he happened to be near at hand. The sick man protested strongly against the continuance of the secondary necless treatment and insisted that the family physician should be called. In a spirit of couries the attending physician was told of the facts and of the wish of the patient. The family dector was summoned attest had a private consultation and as a result incharge," despite the objections of the patient of the consultation and as a result incharge," despite the helpless but thoroughly indicant victim. The family then made an almost picent appeal to the family then made an almost picent appeal to the family physician to visit the patient, whose condition was such as to occasion grave almost depressing fears; but the reply with many particular and the most depressing fears; but the reply with many particular physicians as to attend a patient so long at the "attending physician" refused his consent.

The facts in the case are disputated had some attending physician and the most reputated physician in the reply with many particular physicians as to attend a patient so long as the "attending physician" refused his consent. Find the resonal knowledge. The consideration had under the circumstances the very life of the patient from personal knowledge. The consideration had under the circumstances defended by the "estimated and account of the profession. If the medical practitioners stated in rule correctly, one doctor in this commonwealth may have the conceded right to prohibit the attendance of another doctor on a patient, no matter what has vishes or state of the sick

the unceremonious though it hanked him with only pressed her annoyance, and thanked him with only a shade of cold frony in her tone.

"Literally and figuratively we cannot, in such circumstances, stand upon stepping-stones," he remarked, answering her unspoken protest. "And now, let me help our Highland friend."

She stood in the doorway and watched the proceedings. The horses were detached from the carriage and extricated from the snow wreath; one of them was relieved of part of its harness, a ring was thrown over its loins, and Alistaic clambered upon its back.

"Mavbe you will be having a drop of whiskey," he said, insinuatingly.

"The exercise will warm you, my friend," was the cool reply. "You will need all your soher wits to reach Lady Nisbet's, and every moment is precious." Tanonert sie der Ungrecksmann.

"Vou see me, how I am, and yet I have felt a misery which nade life for a time a mere burden. And now I am contented and heartwhole. I sleep well, I cat well, I play my flut, I read my favorite books. Grief is a bad habit. It it was natural, nature would be contracted in one brow of woe, for death and disaster are universal,"

"Well, I take you at your word," she said, almost defaultly. "Berenice marries Hector, and so ends the myth."

Soon after they beard the trampling of horses and the jurgle of bells, and going to the dear they tound Alistair holding in a pair of horses learnessed to a handsome sledge.

"Alt' everything comes to an end," said Evelyn, lightly. "I must leave you now, Mr. Casanove, "While she went to put on her wraps, Casanove talked with Alistair, and ascertained that the road, though bad enough here and there, was quite practicable. He then assisted Evelyn into the sledge, and wrapped the rugs carefully round her. She was pale and silent. Flora, with whom she had exchanged a farewell greeting in the cottage, stood at the door and gazed smilingly at her.

"Goolbye, Mr. Casanove," said Evelyn, holding out her hand. "And many thanks for all your kindness. Think of me now and then when you are in Brittany."

He smiled, howed, and stood looking after the bluntly—

"Will you pardon me, if I ask what you really are, Mr. Casanove, for you are a perfect enigma

Evelyn laughed gayly at the whimsical descrip-

Evelyn laughed gayly at the whimsical description, and he smiled responsively.

"Well, I shall play you Beethoven's arrangement, with variations, of 'Kind, willst du ruhig schlafen.' May it prove a happy pressige. You know German, I suppose?

"All but the genders," was the smiling reply, "but I like the language."

"Yes, it will be very nice when it gets a literature," remarked Casanove, so gravely that Evelyn laughed again. When had she felt so happy? She listened to his playing, which, without being masterly, was expert and pleasant; and there were intervals of conversation gay or thoughtful, till she felt a little tired and sleepy, and he left her to arrange with Flora about her quarters for the night. The bedroom was small, but delightfully clean and tidy, and she had hardly laud her head on her pillow when she sank into a dreamless sleep.

When she woke next morning she had the blissful sensation of having erjoved a sleep so profound and so refreshing that it transcended mere physical repose, and was a kind of fresh reconcillation with life. Her feeling of tranquility had been supreme, and the howling of the wind had only luiled her senses and deepened her content. How delightful, she thought, to waken with the flesh cool and the heart warm: Innocence is justified by the freshness of every dawn. She dressed herself leisurely, and came down the little creaking wooden stair. When she entered the kitchen-parlor she found Mr. Casanove reading aloud to Flora, who was been ling over the fire, preparing a simple breakfast. What he read seemed to be Gaetic from its wealth of gutturals. He greeted Evelya with calm and gentic ore liality, and placed a chair for her.

"The storm is over," he said: "I think your imprisonment draws to an end. I have duz your conveyance out of the snow, and cleared a portion of the read, so you will be able to get a little walking exercise."

"How very kind and thoughtful of you!" she

she touched upon at times seemed to interest but she touched upon at times seemed to interest bins, though he generally referred them to vist and, as it were, cosmic principles, and his line of com-ment took a parabolic sweep into othercal regions haunted by Platonic ideas and printrypes. Once, after a long pause, Evelyn remarked, half timidly:

Guildford."

"I am extremely obliged; but it is not likely that we shall meet again." he replied calmly, but with a wistful look.

She was conscious of quite a sudden pang of disappentment.

"I am sorry to hear that," she said lightly. "My father is highly enlighted as a man of later.

nyseil. Pray excuse me again, but women can't help being curious. Why should you combemn yourself to this voluntary goverty? With your talents

for possessing so much wealth is my ability of alwithout it. But you were going to tell me something, if I do not mistake.

"Yes You call me Bereniee, not that I know who she was; but you will suppose that Bereniee is epeaking. You must know that she was betrothed to her cousin Heeter. He was an orphan, her father's ward, and he and she were brought up together like brother and sister. He was an aniable and charming youth, hand-come, high-bred, generous; and Bereniee had a warn and sisterly affection for him. He became a soldier. But, alas, he went too often to the Olympic games, and staked his money heavily. How sorry she was, and how she plead with him! He, too, was full of remores and contritien, but still he returned to his fatal habits, till his patrimony was sadly diminushed. Now Bereniee was very grieved, and womered if it were wise to marry him; for if he as a lover was so forgettin of himself and of her, what would he be as a misland? How could she be happy, if she could not trust her husband? Now what do you say to that?"

"Did Hector love Berenice?" he asked with a quaint smile.

"What did Bereniee know of love?" she re-

Ob er beilig, ob er bese. Jammert sie der Ungrecksmann

Two years passed away. Evelyn had married her cousin and found him an affectionate husband, though there was in his nature an ineradicib e fibre her consin and found him an afectionate inchand, including there was in his nature an ineradicab eabre of boyish irresponsibility and wilfulness that caused her much anxiety and frequent distress. Their married life, however, came to an abrunt termination. Poor flector perished in the Egyptian war, leaving Evelyn a childless widow. Soe grieved sincerely for him, yet not as deeply as she would have wished to do. Her father, on the other hand, did not affect a concern which he did not really feel. His ward had been a source of constant vexation to him; and he had never concealed his on-viction that his brilliant and high-minded daughter was far too good for the thoughless and pleasure-loving youth Besides, Hector's death gave him back his daughter, for she broke up her house and returned to Daventry Hall. She was deeply touched by the eager joy with white the digitiled and usually reserved gentleman had halled this arrangement. He took her in his arms, kissed her fondly, and said somewhat huskity: "You should never have left it, darling; but all's well that ends well."

Every one, indeed, seemed delighted at hee return. Ever Harrison, the old butler, who was very temelous of his dignity, welcomed her with an odd blending of almost paternal affection and episcopal unction; while the louisekeeper, who was a Seale to the head and more and well as the study of apo-alyptic literature, so far forgot herself as to buse into tears when she saw the grave sweet lace of her former mistress. And so the days slipped peacefully and pleasantly away, till in the following men of till his face was strangely attenuated fine, however the said was a regular to every eigenstain the stand more defined and unction; while the louisekeeper who would not allow and the long of the cavelly in extra to the cavellant of the c